JAMES MADISON'S NOTES OF DEBATES

IN THE

FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787

AND THEIR RELATION TO A MORE PERFECT SOCIETY OF NATIONS

BY

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Monks Stone
: D .11

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Monks House
Rodmell

66B0304

Woolf
[Diary]
Sept 9-Oct 1, 1917

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Monks House
Rodmell
Sept 7th 1919

Sept 7th Sunday.

[redacted] suppose this is the first day upon which I could
Easily sit down & write in my long suffering & by
this time I hope Tolerant diary. The
lack of table, pen, paper, &. ink or rather this
dispersion into separate parts of the house was
one reason; & then followed domestic cares which
[redacted] fostered, but that did not improve their quality
when they came. Now the servants are at
Charleston, Mr Bedman & his brother are naming
apple trees in the orchard to Leonard & if I can
resist setting up a jarring them I may fill this page.

The move was accomplished in one day, thanks
Chiefly to the organisation of L. who tied all the
books in lots. Two waggon loads, one leaving about
ten, another at Six did the job, & we managed to
roost about the house somehow or other that night
Next morning those troubles began which I will not
specify further; then L. had a night in London,
& I sitting down to my book in the dusk, heard a
voice asking for me, & then, to my dismay, saw the
lean fantastical figure of Alexander cross the
window. He had his wife & a friend – Montana or
Fontana – outside, & I had to produce ham &
coffee for them & entertain my first visitors.
A: had come from London on purpose to see us;
on purpose, I rather think, to discuss the

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eternal novel one more, & perhaps native to get it
issued by us, Mrs Hamilton has read, & found it
necessary to quote King Lear. Part of this terrific
egotism may be attributed to the American habit
of hers, I think; it is not offensive; but would
become intensely boring. But, unhappily, people
who come all the way from London & walk 10
miles for the chance of seeing one are almost
always bores. I left them on their road about
ten o'clock & could not visit a dark stroll
in the garden. The temptation whishes from
the window all the time — so pleasant to step
out into the lawn, walk across to the tool house
& survey the Downs in day time, or the lights
of Lewes by night. Much remains to be done
inside the house, though the main arrangements are
now made. But for some days one's mind is
distracted by perpetually dwelling upon the
changes round one, it works with an effort.
This is wearing off slightly, though I write this
as if I were raising 7 stone in my pen instead of
the usual number of ounces. However
from all the difficulties, advantages & disadvantages
of the place, I think the upshot is wholly
favourable. One gains much in the way of
variety here; there are more walks, &
endless interests in the garden, though nothing
of the flawless beauty of Asheham.

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Thursday 12th Sept.

The weight upon my mind is lessening, though, as I have not yet mastered a writing board, the lonely laborious fashioning of these blank pages which I promised myself brings something of its misery. But then Duncan & Nessa have just been over unexpectedly to tea. Other people's comings always leave me tumultuous. Eggs they break in upon a mood of depression, deep according to L: to me the consistency of September mist. Why is it, I wonder? Partly that for 10 days I don't think I've had a letter; then I expect something unpleasant from Macmillans. Here I make my forecast. We have read Night & why write the deepest interest, but hardly think it would attract our public over here. Though I forestall this, & see that written down it is negligible as criticism, yet I want to have that unpleasant moment over. It will infect me for a few days. And the publication of N. & D. may perhaps lend an occasional tremor through me for ecte my boasting. If that is pronounced a failure, I don't see why I should continue writing novels. Then are the usual wifely melancholies. On top of them, there's been the move, the comparison of this place with Asheham, servants — & so on. Writing has been done under difficulties. I was making way with my new experiment, when I came up against Sir Thomas Browne, & found I hadn't read him since I used to dip & duck & be bored somehow enchanted hundreds of years ago. Therefore I had to break

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off. and for his books (by the way, I have read him fairly often, now I come to think of it). a stout little stoic. There are always tickets; a bad morning reduces one to melancholy. But since I began to write this, I've suffered so many interruptions that my mood is no longer benignant. I think I shall yield to temptation & see what the View is doing over the meadows. O the thousand appliances one needs for writing even a sentence! No ♆ books from the Times either, & as for writing a letter, I can't bring myself to break the virginity of a sheet of paper.

Sat. 13th Sept.

Well, Macmillan's letter came this morning, & is neither so good nor so bad as it might have been. They read with great interest, think it a fine work, but not likely to appeal to a wide public in America, a too long to be ~~possible~~, at this season, worth reprinting. But they propose to take five or four sheets from Gerald; the same number of the Voyage Out, & understand that I will offer them my next book. On the whole, I'm rather pleased than otherwise. The Voyage Out will be exhausted; certainly this is the only method of becoming known to America, & presumably Macmillans think me worth keeping an eye on. in view. Heaven knows when my next novel will be ready! The same post brought their

Refusal of Lis book; they will take sheets of

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that too. It don't much matter. I shall accept, I suppose, since there's scarcely time to try elsewhere. But I don't think Macmillan had much to do with my depression. Do I envy Nessa her overflowing household? Perhaps at moments. Julian has gone into a preparatory form of breeches; everything flourishing & humane there; perhaps I can't help a contrast which never occurs when I'm in full flood of work. I made these comparisons yesterday, when I lunched there & spent the afternoon & rode home by the way. I'm an ingrate to nourish the least cloud in the sea of such brightness of sky. The downs all black against scarlet & gold, as I rode home stopping to look at Arlesham, which had its windows open as if lived in. Mr Neal was going up to pick apples. But Monks House gives one a pleasant little shock as one opens the gate. I found L. & Nelly just back from Lewes with her new bicycle. He had spent the day in London. Seven has struck & I'm tempted to walk upon the flats. I had meant to say something about these queer spiritual states. They interest me, even when I'm the subject. And I always remember that saying of Mrs Lowes Dickinson's, that one is nearest a true vision. I think perhaps if people cut a ten never get a day or the year, of such happiness as I have almost constantly; now I'm having a turn of this lot.

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Sunday 14th Sept.

Well, I don't think my temperature lot is a very serious matter. The interesting thing is that one does, normally keep up a kind of vibration, for no reason whatever. Equally for no reason whatever, the vibration stops. Then one enquires why one ever had it, & there seems no reason why one should ever have it again. Things seem clear, sane, one comprehensible & under no obligation, being what nature, to make one vibrate at all. Indeed, it's largely the clearness of sight which comes at such seasons that leads to depression. But when one can analyse it, one is halfway back again. I feel unreason slowly tingling in my veins. If I could have a good morning work! We went for our first Sunday walk today. In order to counteract the tremendous draw of the garden we have arranged two walks a week, on Sundays & Wednesdays. Today we went on the Downs towards Kingston. For the first few days it was cloudy, a North East wind, a threatening of rain. We saw the sea at Brighton & the sea at Eastbourne to right & left yes. The valley slopes behind the down are very lovely. The Down itself rising to some height, but interfaced by railings. I think the views are finer this side than the other, though the Downs themselves inferior. I must try a little Plato now — to prove that concentration is as easy here as elsewhere.

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Sunday 21st Sept.

Why should I pick out the one hour of the week when Church bells jangle to go on with this? A cold bright Sunday; too very easy today to remember the feel of winter, — Even the look of the winter of earth. Yesterday, as I sat reading, Nick came knocking at the Door. I had put away his letter unanswered, also, apparently, unread. We had to make ready a room, & prepare a crab, which he brought as offering. He seemed singularly featureless, rather like more chubby little village boy one sees with long cheeks & red ears staring in at sweet shop windows. This is I think as much his real character, but superimposed is a dab of "culture, taking the direction of 18th century literature & art. "Thomas Gray knew how to write letters from the Country — very witty interesting letters — Have you ever read Thomas Gray?" Then Jane Austen appears. She is his great fun. As for apples & pears, which are now his key men, his knowledge is limited; or perhaps this is due to his thin soiled brain that words are very poverty stricken, ideas seem to crawl. Looking up, I saw his face alongside L's; & they looked as samples of different breeds, or widely spaced stages of development.

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"Here, the professor might say, pointing his stick at Nick, is a type of primitive man — man yet incapable of concentration or foresight —" Whereas here — well, his remarks upon L. seemed to be highly complimentary.

In spite of this grudging scrape of my pen, I liked Nick quite enough to enjoy seeing him; a having a practical, & perhaps, for framed mind, was puzzled being a good deal about the house. He cannot see a cupboard without discovering how it has been built in, or a pipe without running his finger along, or a brick without tapping it to try out possible secrets of building. His advice was to ask Stoke's advice. Barbara arrived for lunch, in breeches & Jersey, scarlet as an apple but maternal, to my eye, — with her vivid little edge of character distinguishing her from the rest of them. She is considerably more distinguished than Nick, as he recognises this abundantly. Perhaps his pride is blown upon by the covetous eyes of Saxon. Anyhow, he thinks B. a most remarkable character, stamped with the precious mark of Gordon Square's approval. O dear — when will that shame be rubbed out? Yet — it's vain talking. What would it profit me to gain the praise of the whole world & lose that single voice.[2] This reflection is due in part

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to the Memoirs of Mrs Humphry Ward. By paying 5/
I have become a member of the Lewes public
library. This an amusing place – full of old
ghosts; books half way to decomposition. A
General brownness covers them. They are as
much alike outwardly as Charity school children.
Most have had their boards years ago, & been
recovered in brown paper. There is no reason either
why Mungo Park should not be succeeded by the
Lectures of Ebenezer Howard, a then Lord Morley
Recollections, a Thin Whites Wings, or a Swallows
Summer & Then Treasures of the Deep. That's
the sort of thing anyhow. I could not resist Mrs. Ward,
& I stand in her unconscionably long hours as if
They were a bath of tepid water that one
lacks the courage to leave. But she set me
thinking after tea about fame. No one has had a
deeper draught of it. The poor woman, now emptied of
a little chill, brings out her old pictures &
hangs them out of her front windows. "See what
Henry James said of me – Walter Pater – George Meredith"
And indeed these poor old grandees, reluctated I
suppose by presentation copies & the rest do
seem to have favoured themselves cheerfully, &
though I can see they're winking. My point is
however, that all this blare & pomp has no
kind of effect upon the sensitive reader, as I

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claim to be. Perhaps the winds are too evident. The
enormous sales, the American editions, the rumble &
reverberation — Piccadilly placarded with posters
'Maralla cut!' — Isn't she like the drum —
cymbals of a country fair. No, nothing of this counts —
~~before~~ She hurries, settles out to write an intimate
account of feelings & thoughts, jots nothing but
bills of fare & pass books. At what point
did the cease thinking? Long long ago.
Naked rage; & then come to believe implicitly in
the mummery: names of the great serve as
umbrellas covering vacancy. But all this table
talk to admonish the young, who are, I suppose,
now becoming inquisitive & objectionable.
What a picture stands of the highest in life &
intellectual circles in London! What a
portrait of the servants Hall, with Mrs H.W.
for housekeeper, & the lunch Matt. the master.
& Wrestable assembly, as she paints it.
Literature seen solved up on plate before
them. I have gone to review, which makes
me rig up some fancy scene as I stumble
about the fields. To Rat Farm with L.
this afternoon; & found a hawk moth
drowned in the brook - privet? or what?

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Sunday, 28th Sept (perhaps the 28th at least).

Cut off as we are from all human intercourse (unless you count the Wedmans) I cannot be sure even of the date. It is said that the entire railway of England are on strike; the miners, & perhaps the transport workers, are with them. This happened yesterday morning, or rather late the night before; & though we got our papers through late in the evening, we are without ports. The signalman gave us some information yesterday & believes himself to be striking against a reduction of 14/ a week in his wages. His strike pay comes to 16/ a week. How with prices what they are the strike can be kept up more than a day or two is difficult to see. He expects a settlement tomorrow; but as he hopes it, one can't trust him, & like all the rest, he knows far less about the reasons & machinations than we do — & at any rate. At present, what with Sunday & the quiet and imaging in the lanes, a queer deep silence seems to lie upon us. We post letters Knowing they won't get further than Lewes. There is talk of a motor car service. The Government make a show of courageous determination. We are on war rations, & told to be brave & good. Not bad

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coaching day has the village of Rodmell been so isolated as it is at the present moment. Yet a state of siege has a certain smugness a self sufficiency about it. No one can interrupt. I have given myself a respite from Hope Mirrlees, whom I mean to get to have her dispatched this morning. If it lasts another day or two the food difficulty will begin: then there's the question of getting back on Thursday.

Lottie's strike came over main concern has been Le. arm. A week ago, or last Monday his wrist & arm broke into a rash. The dr. called it eczema. Then Mrs Bedman touched this aside & diagnosed sunflower poisoning. L. had been up ~~all~~ rooting them with bare hands. We have accepted her judgment which is confirmed by the case of Mrs. Washy, but that doesn't do away with the fact that it's a vile irritating disease. Today for the first time the swelling is less, & the rash improved. But the week has been much damaged in consequence. Yesterday we went over to Asheham plundered the hollow elm mushrooms, & then, got in at the drawing room window. Gunn is spending £2 on turning it into a rose pink & boudoir - That colour at least predominates. But they have evidently taken a book of patterns &

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marked out the most respectable bright colours, so
that the rooms, are all as smooth &
impeccable & glossy as can be. There are
mustard yellows & pillar box reds. Of course,
I couldn't approve but I should have liked it
still less if he had chosen after my own taste
& the house had looked as dingy & mysterious as
ever. I don't know whether it was his accommodating
temper that painted the place a little that in &
Dismal, with the vast hollow behind & the
straight view between trees in front. I thought it
lacking in variety, this time, & colour — but
I expect this is one of the devices of the imagination.
Stephen Monks' improves, after the fashion of a
mongrel who wins your heart. I should
have said a good deal about the garden
only the temptation of having them instead of
describing it from within has been too much
even for my confirmed habits. The green of the
trees with the bunch of purple Japanese
anemones keeps getting in my eyes. We
have been planting tiny grains of red in the
front bed, in the pious & religious belief that
they will resurrect next spring as
Clarkia, Calceolaria, Campanula, Larkspur
& Scabious. I shan't recognise them if they

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do; we are planting at a venture, inspired by Ted Arnold's language: how they stand high & bear bright blue petals. Then there's weeding. Very soon in any occupation one makes a game of it. I mean (for I'm cold — incept at the moment — church bells ringing, fire just catching, & the great log we sawed about to ~~the~~ plunge into fiery caverns) that one finds character to weeds. The worst is the fine grass which has to be sifted out conscientiously. I like uprooting thick dandelions & Groundsel. Then the tea bell rings, & though I sit & ponder over my cigarette, L. rans out like a child allowed to get down & go. And as I say, today we're on our island, which will be boarded tomorrow, oddly enough, by Clive.

I've reviewed Hope; Gosse & Swinnerton, all in the past 10 days, & that the great autumn drumfire is beginning. It crosses my mind now & then that Night & day will be one drop of it: but that seems to belong to London — not here. The bore will be mastering people, who think they must say that they have not read it: perhaps worse, that they have. That will last six weeks: then no more.

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Tuesday, Sept 30th

This is opened to record the Strike bulletin. Nothing has happened. All railways are silent. I went into Lewes yesterday, & found a kind of modified Sunday prevailing; shutters half closed at post & railway station. There were numbers of motors with luggage & the pampered rich. Rumour — they keepers, that is to say, predict a long strike. Who's in the right, they don't say; anyhow it's bad for us. In our private world the discomfort is mostly what we imagine for the future. We can make no plans anyhow. Last night Clive did not come, & thinking this complicated disaster to N. in London, I telegraphed first thing this morning; no answer yet, & it's struck seven. The papers are just in, Network Single Sheets, & unfortunately in their extreme — Daily Mail & Herald; between in the middle perhaps, Daily News. So far nothing but persistent hostility on both sides; no overtures. To increase our private sense of the omnium we've been clearing this day to move the upstairs. The house is therefore scattered with beds & furniture; but we gain a dining room. To appease us, the weather stays fine & possible, clear, cold, still, & sunny. Clive stayed at Charleston nursing a cold. No letter since Saturday morning. Save his card, which is real. We shall be inclined butter, coffee, — cigarettes in a day or two, getting them from London

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Wednesday 1st Oct. The strike remains so far as we can judge, the same. On the other hand, rumours of the strike change from hour to hour. A post came this morning. The postman is reported to say that all trains are running as usual. The Signalman appears. Situation unchanged; much depressed. Then Wedman comes to pick apples. A notice is in the post office he says, that trains are as usual. Nelly goes to Lewes. Comes back 'frightened' so she says. A few trains only, into which you get at your own risk. This sickened her of travel, which she had been urging an hour before. We went down to the Signal man with books & offers of help. His wife met us; he busy at Newhaven. A fiery, impulsive, vigorous woman about to bear her 5th child. She was urging him to give in. Public opinion was against them, she said. Then she explained that they had only saved 6 shillings. With this strike pay this can't long keep off hunger. Then the Cooperative Society will give them credit. Like children who've had their sweet & don't want to give up their penny. She used the often enough to show that she had used this argument often to him. They must give up sooner or later, so why not now.

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